



THE MORNING AFTER.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.—Let's see, gentlemen: Where were we at?



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Cartoons and Comments

A STUDY IN COMPLICATIONS.

ONE of the grave objections to the Income Tax is that it is too complicated. This objection is made in apparent good faith by a number of earnest gentlemen who see nothing but chaos ahead, and who feel deeply for the people, neither very rich nor very poor, but somewhere on the boundary-line, who will "have to hire a lawyer" before knowing where they stand in regard to the provisions of the Income Tax. Such sympathy for the populace is as touching as it is unexpected. The sympathetic gentlemen who object to the Income Tax, and think it will prove a failure because it is complicated, never objected to the old high-protective tariff on the same ground. Why was that? Nothing was ever more complicated than the tariff schedules of the PAYNE and ALDRICH era. Frequently they were framed by the prospective beneficiaries, and Congress passed them without worrying any about what they meant; somebody wanted them to read the way they did, and that was enough. It never occurred to Congress to object because they were complicated, or because the public would be puzzled to find out their exact meaning. The substantial gentlemen of large affairs who now so strongly object to the Income Tax saw nothing complicated in the old tariff either. Again we ask, why was that? Can it be that what was once a virtue is now a fault? That "complicated" privilege for the benefit of the rich is flawless, but that complication in a measure which taxes them is a deplorable, almost a fatal, defect? However, as a nation we are progressing all the time. Even GEORGE W. PERKINS says that the people

were never so knowing as they are at present. Therefore, if the Income Tax, in its present state, be too complicated, it is highly probable that the people will find it out and remedy it in due season. Our principal hope is, if the Income Tax *does* possess the faults aforesaid, that it will not take the American people as long to realize it as it did for them to be convinced that the "too complicated" ALDRICH brand of tariff possessed a few weak spots. That took about twenty years more or less.

A DISPATCH from Ann Arbor gives the particulars of a piece of football headwork. Incidentally, and without setting out expressly to do so, it sheds a pleasing little sidelight upon the morals of college football. A certain player had an injured knee; not enough of an injury to keep him out of the game altogether, but enough to handicap and impair his efficiency. His opponents knew of his injury; indeed, there was a plain reminder in a fresh white bandage which the injured man wore; and time after time, so reads the dispatch, "some one fell on the knee," or "sprawled over his legs." Strange to say, this sort of handling by the opposing team did not put the lame one out of business, although it was designed to do so. And the reason for its failure was simply this: The player put the visible bandage, not on his weak knee, but on his strong, perfectly good knee. Being an experienced football player, he knew the opposing eleven would take every advantage of his injury. He knew they would jump on it, and they did; only they fell on the wrong leg, thanks to his stratagem, and he lasted the entire game. Pretty comment on football, is it not? Nice sidelight upon the moral tone which pervades it and the spirit of "fair play" which it instils. For years, football was "too rough" and the rule-makers met in solemn session to devise means of making it less brutal and dangerous. Of what use are such sessions and such changes if at the bottom of football is the desire to win by "getting" an injured opponent, by making a dead-set for him in every play, and jumping on him? But, says the enthusiast, that's football! Surely. Such being the case, what *is* football?



SLIGHTLY UNNECESSARY.

UNCLE SAM.—It does seem sort of ridiculous, me keeping a nurse all these years for that big feller.



IF HE BUT KNEW.

SHE.—And they've nicknamed that simpleton "Louis, the Fourteenth"?

HE.—Yes; it's this way: He gets invited to lots of affairs where otherwise there would be but thirteen guests.

HIS FIRST SHAVE.



THIS is a momentous event in a boy's life, as it is to him the line of demarcation between boyhood and manhood.

The microscopic indications under his chin are becoming annoying to him, and he considers it a duty to society to have them removed without further delay.

He has already made several surreptitious attempts with his father's razor, to the great detriment of both the razor and his face, and although he succeeded, in a measure, in removing the obnoxious down, yet it was with the unpleasant accompaniment of some of his chin. Therefore he determines to do the thing in a manly way, and resolves to submit to the barber's delicate manipulations ere the close of another day.

It takes him some time to muster up the requisite courage to enter the barber-shop, as he has certain misgivings that the barber might indulge in facetious and satirical remarks concerning his beard.

He passes the shop many times and looks in; but his heart sinks within him. There is always some drawback—either too many people inside or too few; in either case he thinks he will be noticed. Once he does enter, and one of the barbers venturing the inquiry, "Hair cut, sir?" involves him in delightful confusion, and, to avoid further embarrassment, he submits to having his hair cut, and still remains unshaved.

At last, in sheer desperation, he makes a very firm resolve either to get shaved that day or never. With this heroic resolve, and fifteen cents in his pocket, he sallies forth to the barber's, and at a favorable moment walks in and tremblingly awaits his turn.

The sharp, short "Next!" sends the blood thrilling up his back-

bone, and he feebly climbs into the chair and hurriedly says: "Shave me, please," and shuts his eyes, expecting to hear the stereotyped professional joke about his not having brought his moustache along.

The barber, probably with an eye to the price, says nothing and proceeds to shave him, figuratively speaking.

There is only one drawback to the boy's cup of happiness, and that is the entire absence of that peculiarly pleasant rasping sound which comes only from long experience. The razor glides over his face smoothly and noiselessly, and the barber goes through the form of wiping the razor on a slip of paper, at which the boy glances furtively, in the vain hope of obtaining ocular evidence of his approaching manhood.

The operation is soon over, and he pays his fifteen cents with the same feeling that a twenty-one-year-old registers his name to vote.



MATCHES are made in Heaven, but brilliant alliances are made in Europe.

POVERTY may be a Christian virtue, but it certainly amounts to a social crime.

HIS NOT TO REASON WHY.

EVANGELIST (sowing good seed).—Have you ever stopped to think where you will go on the Judgment Day?

FLIPPANT YOUTH.—That's up to the city editor. I'm a reporter!

This world will never become really optimistic while the farmer has the crops to talk about.



AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL.

MR. CASEY.—Phwat's the matter?
DAUGHTER.—Th' puppy pulled me new bonnet all to pieces!
MR. CASEY.—Th' devil! He must think he's a customs inspector!

TRIO.

SHE:



HAT must he think?" she whispers low,
Her cheeks with tender flush aflame—
"How could I thus my feelings show?
My eyes betrayed my heart, I know.
Ah! Would that his would do the same!

"I think I'll give him some small thing—
But probably he'd only smile—
Still, if I gave this tiny ring
His thanks might *something* further bring.
No! That's too bold. I'll wait awhile."

HE:

"Good Heavens! What a fool I've been!
To sit there all the evening through,
Say 'yes'—'exactly so'—and grin;
And all the while my heart within
Was beating hard enough for two.

"Now, if I only had the cheek
To tell her in straightforward style
What makes me so absurdly weak
When I'm with her—but I *can't* speak—
Just yet, at least. I'll wait awhile."

I:

I stand apart and watch them both,
To find amusement nothing loth;
And, while I watch, I wonder whether
These fools will *ever* come together.

S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

"THINGS in general," said the pessimistic Theosophist, "are very, very bad."
"Oh, well," replied the optimistic Theosophist, cheerfully, "it's all in a lifetime; and, besides, there will be other lifetimes."

A FEASIBLE PLAN.

NEIGHBOR.—Every time you feed your dog, he brings the bones over and gnaws them on my premises. Is n't there some way to stop it?
OWNER.—Suppose *you* feed him, hereafter; then he'll probably bring them over and gnaw them on my premises.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

ALL persons deriving pleasure from wearing buttons, charms, and other insignia of greatness will be interested in the dispute between two French organizations, the Society of National Merit and the Legion of Honor. Gen. Bosc, aged 72, will defend Merit against Honor's representative, Gen. Florentin, aged 77, and there will be a duel to the death. That is, unless Merit and Honor come to terms.

Legal proceedings were started by Gen. Florentin, acting as Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, to prevent members of the Society of National Merit from wearing a button in their lapels. Gen. Bosc founded the Society of National Merit. In the United States there is an infinite variety of buttons that can be worn in the lapel, and humble is the man who cannot show at least one, though it be only that of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, or that of the National Association for the Study of Epilepsy. But in France it is different. When a man wears a button in that country he lets it be understood either that he belongs to the Legion of Honor, or that he is just as good as a Member of the Legion of Honor, the latter implication being impudent in the extreme.

The impetuous lads representing the warring societies ought to fight it out, even if it cost one or both of them his whiskers. But of course they won't fight. The Ancien Régime is not of these days. Their friends will interfere. Merit will compound with Honor to insure peace. The Bosc's will emerge from the dispute with all their merit and some honor, and the Florentins, while sacrificing none of their honor, will acquire merit. It will be stipulated that hereafter two buttons may be worn in France, and the united energies of Merit and Honor will thenceforth guard against the buttonistic representation of any other society. The young hotheads, Bosc and Florentin, will shake hands in mutual esteem. The bands will play. The tricolor will wave. The people will shout. It will be a great day for France.



BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

MRS. NOUVEAU-MARIE.—What's the trouble now, Mary?
MARY.—Sure an' there's thrubble enough, mem. Here we do be with company for tay, an' nary a bit o' bread in the house.
MRS. NOUVEAU-MARIE.—Oh, well, never mind. Make some toast.



POPULAR-SCIENCE VOTE.

PROF. PROFOUND.—Now they claim the human body contains sulphur.
MISS BUTTERFLY.—In what amount?
PROF. P.—Oh, varying quantities.
MISS B.—Maybe that is why some girls make better matches than others!

It has been well said that a coward dies many deaths, while a brave man dies but once.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

EARLIEST BEGINNINGS OF AN OLD, OLD STORY.



PUCK

THE REASON WHY.



WAS not for your fairy-like figure,
Nor yet for your angel-like face,
'T was not for your title of heiress,
Nor yet for your exquisite grace.

'T was not for those meaningless whispers,
That fell with such musical sound,
Nor because of the envious glances
Of wall-flowers and mashers around.

'T was not for the "form" of your waltzing,
Nor gleam in your dangerous eye;
Such charms I could quickly relinquish
Without e'er a pang or a sigh.

For none of these things I adored you—
Though all of an unsurpassed type—
But 't was for the hairpin you gave me
When parting to clean out my pipe!

C. J. H. Cassels.

SCENE AT A BOX-OFFICE.

As It Should Be.

VISITOR.—I should like to have two seats for to-night.

TICKET-SELLER.—Certainly, sir. Do you like to sit close to the stage or in the middle of the house?

V.—I prefer to sit in the middle of the house. I should like to have two seats on the centre aisle, about ten rows back.

T. S.—I am very sorry, sir, but we haven't those seats for to-night. I can give them to you for to-morrow.

V.—No, I must come to-night.

T. S. (*cheerfully*).—Well, then, let me see what is the best I can do for you. I can give you two seats in the centre, twelfth row, or on the side aisle, sixth, seventh, or ninth row.

V.—Well, which are the best?

T. S.—Those in the twelfth row, sir. The house is short, and they are only a few feet back of the middle of it.

V.—Well, I'll take those. How much?

T. S.—Four dollars, sir. Thank you.

As It Generally Is.

V.—I should like two seats for to-night.

(*Ticket-seller throws out two tickets.*)

V.—Well, where are those?

T. S.—Fifteenth row, side aisle.

V.—I don't like that situation.

T. S.—Best we've got.

V.—Can't you give me two a little nearer to the stage?

T. S.—Yes. (*Throws out two other tickets.*)

V.—Where are these?

T. S.—G ten and twelve.

V.—Well, but where is that?

T. S.—There. (*Slams down diagram.*)

V.—Well, will you kindly point them out?

T. S. (*muttering*).—Infernal crank! (*Points hastily.*)

V.—I don't like those.

T. S.—Well, what do you want, anyhow?

V.—A little common civility. Good-morning.

THE BOOK-STORE CRANK.

OVER costly bindings, first editions,
And gilded edges, he will gloat,
Although his hat's an old back number,
And very rusty is his coat.
'T is but the paper, types, and leather
That he pores over on the shelf;
If he'd but think books made for reading
He might be better bound himself!

ONE of the reasons why murder will out is probably because blood will tell.



WHAT SAVES THEM?

HUSBAND.—Do you think, my dear, that you are dressed warm enough for a cold day like this?

WIFE.—Oh, yes; I'm going to carry my muff.

A HIGHER VALUE.

KLONDIKE BRIDE.—And do you still think I am worth my weight in gold, love?

KLONDIKE BRIDEGROOM.—Worth your weight in gold, pet? Why, blame my eyes if I don't think you're worth your weight in canned goods!

A GENEROUS OFFER.

GRANDMOTHER.—O Thomas! Thomas! How can you be all the time fighting?

THOMAS.—Why, 'cause I keep in training, of course! If you want me to, I can put you into jest as good physical condition as I am in thirty days.

WAGE slavery does n't seem to be such an un-mixed evil on the afternoon of pay-day.

DO YOU KNOW THESE TWO MEN? SURE YOU DO.



The big one with a voice like this;



And the tiny one with a voice like this.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



"Adele."

"ADELE," at the Longacre Theatre, is both funny and musical, a combination seldom achieved these days, except on the billboard announcements. Natalie Alt, who plays the title role, makes *Adele Parmaceau* a very delightful young person. No wonder that *Robert*, her suitor, though he meant to kiss her on the brow, slipped, and was discovered by *Adele's* father implanting kisses on *Adele's* lips. The cast is unusually good throughout.

Georgia Caine plays *Myriamne* effectively. Dallas Welford and Will Danforth have never been funnier, and Hal Forde is an excellent *Baron Charles*. Edith Bradford and Harry Bradley do well as the maid and the valet respectively. Then, too, there are eight stunning bridesmaids headed by Jane Hall and Estelle Richmond, recommend enough for any beauty exhibit. Thus far, "Adele" is the best musical comedy in New York this season.

W. E. Hill.

CUPID'S COUPLETS.



STRUGGLE hard to woo my love in rime,
But always miss it in the *second line*;
Inscribing Sophy what is dear "to keep,"
I'm sure to sicken it with something
"sweet."

I gayly launch a bright, ambitious "hope,"
When, presto! it goes under in a "boat;"
And when I write encomiums on "home,"
I ruin them by wailing out "alone!"

The pathetic beauties of a "single man"
Are roughly coupled with a "loving lamb;"
The weighty phrase, "My heart is not a feather,"
Must needs fly falsely into "love forever!"

When love-taught fancy plays the "lover's harp,"
The music's lost in the "divinest art;"
A master-line, extolling "beauty's sum"
Spontaneously drivels into "one."

C. D. H.

COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

FALL NOTES.

BILL PRITCHARD thinks he'll have to get a new butcher-wagon. We are glad that business is so good.

BUSINESS JOTTINGS.

McKee & Purdy (whose card we print in another column) have put in an estimate on Bill Pritchard's new wagon.

PERSONALS.

We hear that Bill Pritchard has given the contract for his new butcher-wagon to McKee & Purdy. He could not have done better, and we are glad there is no truth in the rumor that he was going to Clarenceville to get the job done.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

The new wagon for Bill Pritchard had the wheels tired yesterday at the shop of McKee & Purdy, on Main St. Jim McKee, the senior partner of the firm, did the work, although Bob Purdy got the water necessary to shrink the iron.

CASUAL MENTION.

Bill Pritchard's new wagon received its first coat of paint yesterday at McKee & Purdy's shop. The body-color is dull gray.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We are always glad to recognize and mention any attempt at home manufacture. We have long held the opinion, and we have freely expressed it, both in these columns in our capacity as journalist and in private among our acquaintances, that Whangdoodle needs manufactures to build her up. It will not be until men of money outside the town recognize our willingness to help ourselves that capital will come to take advantage of the unexampled facilities for investment of which Whangdoodle is full. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the fact that a butcher-wagon for Bill Pritchard

(who, in our advertising columns, calls the attention of our readers to his place of business) has been built by McKee & Purdy, the popular blacksmiths on Main Street, whose card we publish in another place. We are glad to know that the business of one of our advertisers has grown to such a point that he requires a new wagon, and we are proud of the fact that Whangdoodle could supply a firm in the person of another advertiser to build it.

F. E. Chase.

IN spite of the constant variety in a tramp's life he is always on the lookout for a little change.



UN-AMERICAN.

"By Jove, old chap, you're an hour late!"

"That German chauffeur of mine! Cannot accustom himself to disregarding laws and ordinances!"

The best society is that in which the money which was made yesterday does n't call on to-day's.



THE PUCK PRESS

HE KILLED THE ALBATROSS.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe.

—Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."

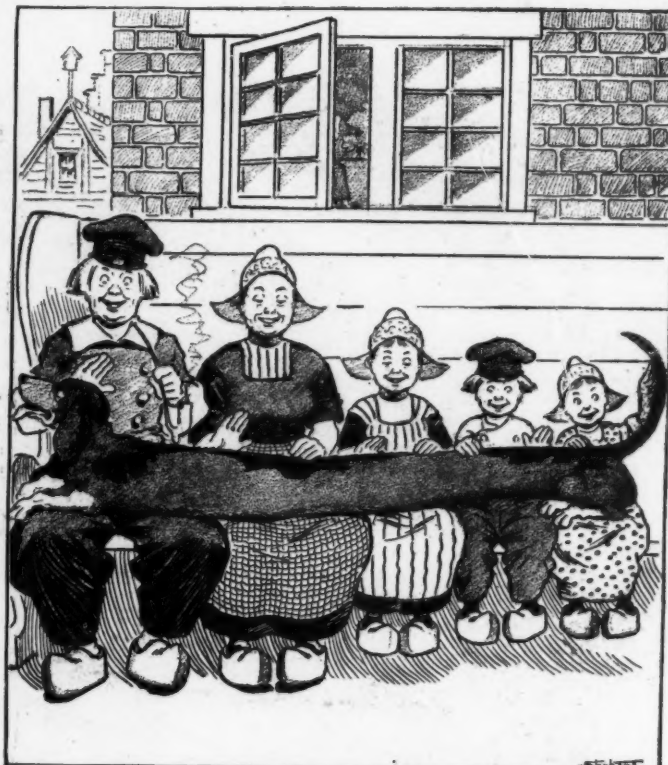
PUCK



THE FAMILY PET.



"Here, Dackel! Dackel!"



"Good old doggie!"

A BUNCH OF LETTERS.



THEY are tied with a faded blue ribbon
That begins to give token of age,
And a musty-like odor arises
As I turn o'er each closely-penned page.
And I sit with my feet to the fire
And read from beginning to end,
Till "My dearest," "My fondest," "My truest,"
Fade away to "Forever your friend."

They are crowded with terms of endearment
That tell of a passionate heart;
They are brimming with words of affection
And a fragrance of love from the start;
Each sentence is laden with perfume,
Each line as if set in a frame,
And the words at the end of each letter
Seem the dearest that mortal can name.

I read of slow walks in the moonlight,
That seemed planned by the kindness of Fate,
Of tête-à-têtes on the veranda,
Of lingering adieus at the gate;
Of hints, only hints, of soft kisses,
That were far too seraphic to last;
Of suggestions of treasured caresses
In those joy-sceptered days of the past.

But I carelessly ponder them over,
And I quietly gaze in the fire,
And all the sweet words I've been reading
Can arouse no sweet tunes on my lyre.
And my heart at that past-time affection
Has not stirred since the reading began;
For the whole precious series of missives
Belong to another man!

A. S. Kimball.

HIS VIEW.

SHE.—Our minister will exchange pulpits next Sunday with the Rev. Mr. Talkington.

HE.—Yes? An exchange of pulpits is like a horse trade. It is hard to tell which congregation is going to get the worst of it.

KEEPING HIM AT A DISTANCE.

MRS. BLEWER-BLUD.—That tailor of yours is getting very familiar. He had the insolence to salute me on the street to-day. I think such people should be kept at a distance.

MR. BLEWER-BLUD.—Well, my dear, I'm sure I've done all I could! I've stood that man off now for two years.

WHAT a quiet and economical world this would be were it not for the movements of the under jaw!

SOME men are born poor, some achieve poverty, and others thrust poverty upon other people.



YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM.

SPOKESMAN OF CREDITORS.—Vell, Cohen, we've decided to accept five cents on a dollar—cash!

COHEN, THE DEBTOR.—Cash, you say? Den of course I get der regular cash discount?

Birds of a feather flock together, yet it is the plucked birds of the world who live in the most crowded places.

BALLADE OF YOUTHFUL FOLLIES.



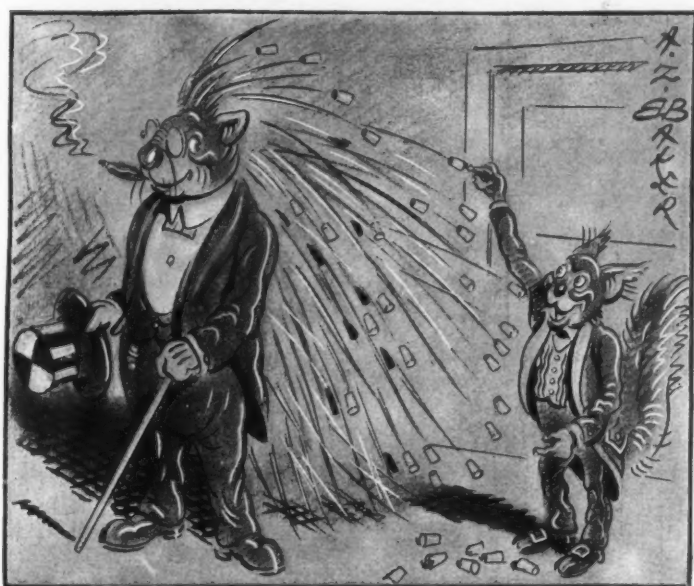
At night, o'er a pipe and a glass,
'T is solid enjoyment to sit,
Unheeding the hours that pass,
The shadowy phantoms that flit.
With the fire and the chandelier lit,
Shining bright on the boards where we play,
We don't care for sorrow a whit—
But we pay for it all the next day!

In laughter each seeks to surpass,
No song or *bon mot* we omit,
And a toast circles round to the lass
Whose charms we are pledged to admit—
From duties and cares we're acquit,
And we drink to our idols of clay;
Oh, we fancy "Old Time" we outwit—
But we pay for it all the next day!

When during the social cuirass
We dance till the gray dawn is lit,
A man never thinks what an ass
He has made of himself. Not a bit
Does he care if his white kids are split,
That his coat is with pearl-powder gray;
He has flirted, and p'rhaps he is smit—
But we pay for it all the next day!

ENVOY.

Death summons us all, we submit,
And the black curtain falls on our play,
On its songs and its dances and wit—
For we pay for it all the next day!



PROPER PRECAUTION.

BEFORE GOING TO THE JUNGLE RECEPTION, MR. PORCUPINE
HAS HIS SPINE-TIPS CAREFULLY CORKED.

AFRICAN APHORISMS.

BLOOD am t'icker 'n water, but jedgin' f'um de way some men treats deir
famblies it 'pears t' be a good deal t'inner 'n w'isky.

A SOF'-HEADED nail am like a hard-headed man—dey's bofe pow'ful hard
ter drive

D E wuk dat some men makes 'emselfs ter keep f'um payin' a jus' debt 'ud aim
de hul sum ef put inter chorin' er w'itewashin'.

G ITTIN' married makes one out ob two, but yit it doan' somehow seem
ter ex'cise a decreasin' effec' on de poperlation.

W HAT dis worl' needs mos' 'tic'larly jes' now am a leetle mo' room at de
bottom.

D E farm nigger what goes to d' city 'specting he's gwine t' pick up gold in
de streets, most gin'ly got ter sweep it out ob de mud at a dollar a day.

W E yain't all on us Samsons, bredren. Be mighty calful how yo' use
de jawbone.

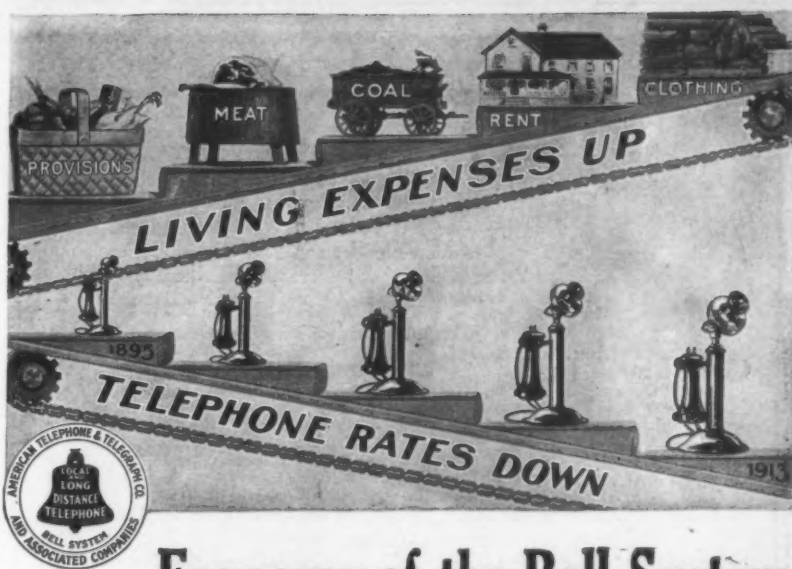
A CYNIC, bredren, am a man who doan' 'spise de worl' half 's much as de
worl' 'spises him.

D E man who shouts out he want ter bet yo' fibe dollar Sat'day night 'll be
roun' wantin' to borrar hit f'um yo' Monday mo'nin'.

Y OU kaint eat yoh cake and hab it too. If you doan' wan' ter lose yoh
frien', doan' borrar money off'n 'im.

B ERNEV'LENCE of'en hide he's light undah a bushel so well dat de po' man
doan' know whar ter look fer him.

D E arrand-boy am de comin' man, and dat am jes' de kin' ob a slow job he's
a-honin' fer.



Economy of the Bell System

Consider this significant fact: While most of the necessities of life have gone up, the price of telephone service, which is one of the essential factors in our commercial and social life, has moved steadily downward.

Although a pound of these necessities still contains but sixteen ounces, the telephone user has been getting more and more service for less money.

On the average, the people of this country pay 49% more today for food, fuel and clothing than they did in 1895. Since then, the decrease in the average rates for telephone service has been more than one-half.

At the same time, the efficiency and value of the service to the subscriber has vastly increased. Today he can talk to an average of five times as many persons in each exchange as he could eighteen years ago.

This is the inevitable result of the comprehensive policy of the Bell System, which brings together the associated Bell companies and the communities they serve.

Through the very size and efficiency of their organization they accomplish improvements and effect economies which give the greatest service at the lowest rates.

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One System

Universal Service

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"Did you say that she appreciates a joke at her expense?"
"She married one."—*Town Topics*.

"Marry Me or I'll kill the Parson"



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"WHAT'S the baby crying for now?" asked the head of the house from the depth of his paper.

"He wants his own way," answered the mother.

"Well, if it's his," said the absent-minded man, "why don't you let him have it?"—*Punch*.

"WHAT is your son doing now?"

"Playing the piano in a moving-picture show."

"I shouldn't think you would want him doing that?"

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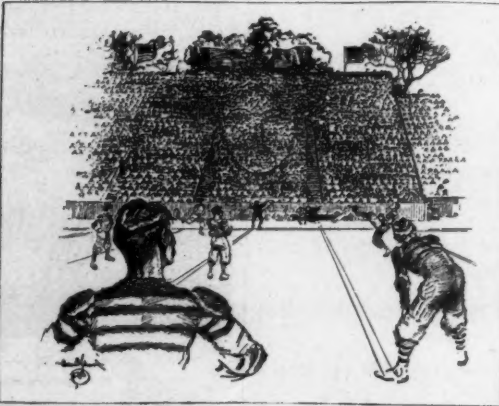
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And might lead to quarrels and blows.
We're all of us sisters and brothers,
With no cause for quarrels or strife,
And what blesses one blesses others—
Louisa will soon be my wife!

Louisa says: "Let's make concessions;
From each is some sacrifice due.
You give me your worldly possessions,
And I'll give my kinfolks to you!"
Ah, love will hostility banish!
So nothing but joy will be known!
And all forms of sorrow will vanish
When I make Louisa my own!

An era of bliss is now due man,
'T will come when we follow this plan:
Let the bank-book be kept by the woman,
The cook-book be read by the man!
Then the lamb shall lie down with the lion
And all shall be happy and free,
And a great peace shall come upon Zion
When Louisa is married to me! —The Sun.

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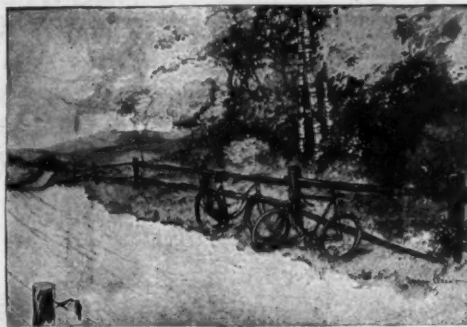
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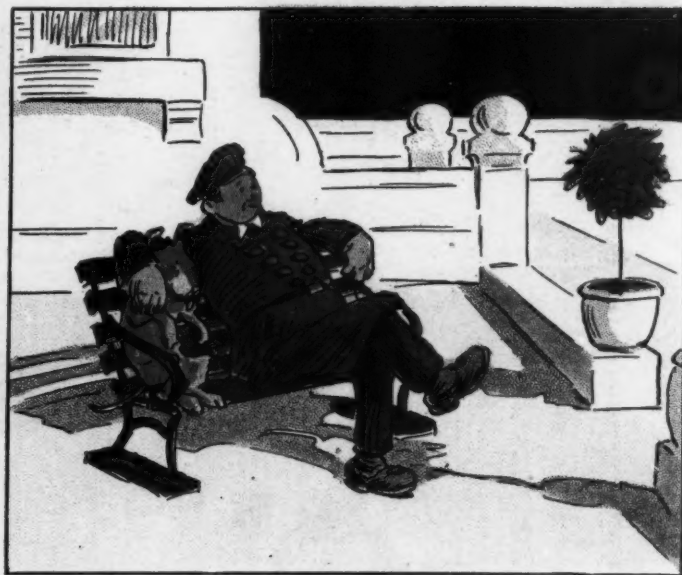
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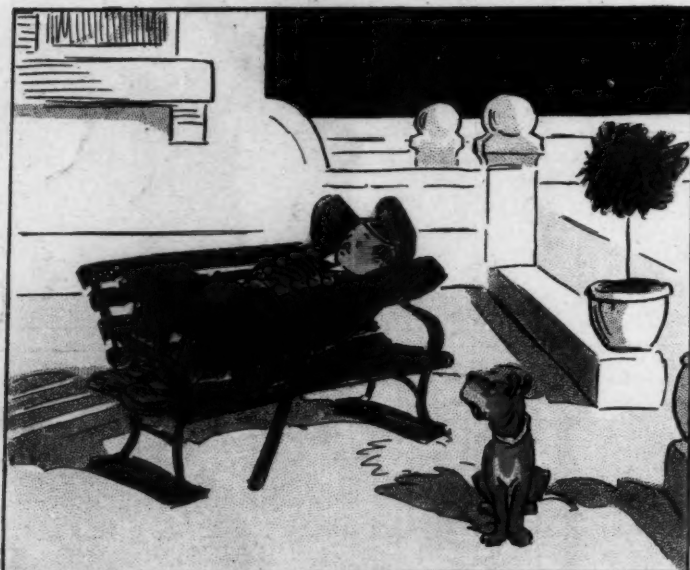
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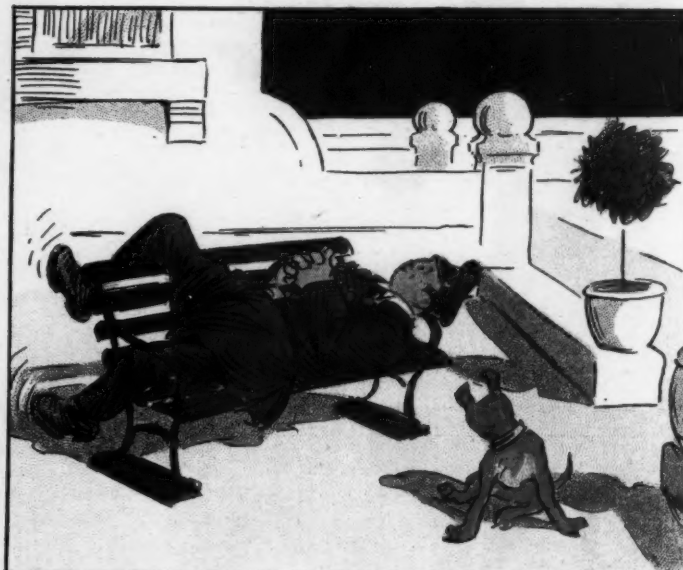
"Well, this is soft! How restful!"



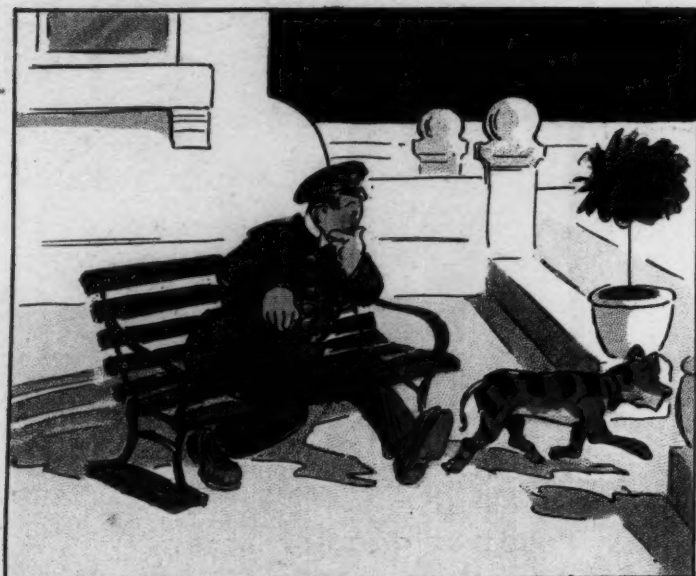
"You can't tell me those rich guys ain't got no heart!"



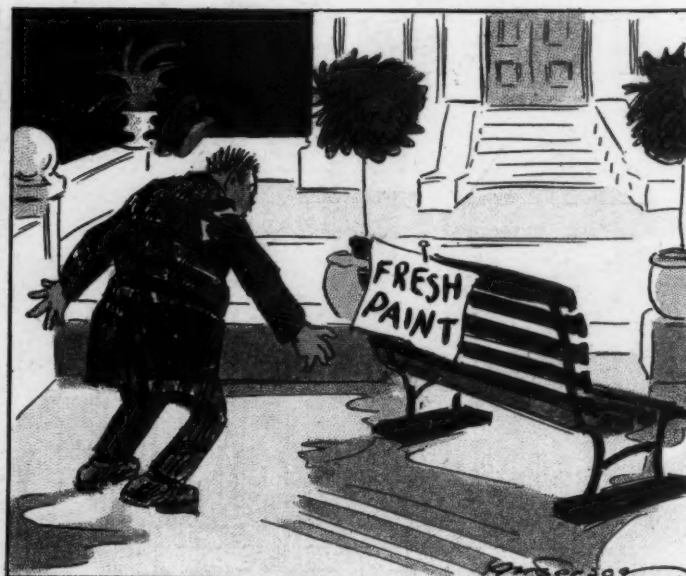
"They must ha' seen me poundin' th' pavements late at night, an' knowin' how tired I was, put this out here fer me —"



"—so I could rest me hands an' feet an' contemplate th' stars. It reminds me of what Bobbie Burns said. He says —"



"Gee!"



"Hully Gee!!"